

# SPLENDID PALM BEACH.

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

Palm Beach, Fla., Jan. 5.—An Eden created out of a wilderness by the magic of money that rich Americans may have a winter paradise—that is Palm Beach. At the easternmost point of the Florida peninsula, warmed by the sweep of the great Gulf Stream, it is the northernmost point on the Atlantic coast where one may find the genuine tropics. It is directly south of Pittsburgh, and is the nearest tropical resort for the millionaires of Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and Pittsburg, as well as for the wealthy people of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Washington.

Here Henry M. Flagler, the genius of the Florida East coast, has his magnificent winter palace. Mr. John D. Rockefeller not long ago modestly avowed that Mr. Flagler was the brains of the creation of the Standard Oil Company. However that may be, it is gospel truth that Mr. Flagler was the brains and the money and the creative agent in reclaiming the east coast of the Florida peninsula from the primeval estate of the jungle King.

Palm Beach is located on the narrow strip of land which separates Lake Worth from the ocean. Lake Worth is really a salt water lagoon, a narrow sound, twenty-two miles long and about a mile wide. The peninsula which divides it from the ocean is also about a mile wide. Years and years ago a few adventurous persons with money, and with a great desire to escape from cold winters, came here and established homes for themselves, using yachts for ingress and egress.

Mr. Flagler came with the railroad, which he owned and established in a town, which he owns in essence if not in fee simple. The few people who were here when he came he has made rich. Those who have come since owe their prosperity to him. Somewhere men may sail against the Standard Oil, somewhere men may say Flagler is a "malefactor of great wealth," somewhere men may look upon him as a "malefactor of great wealth," but not on the Florida East coast. Here Henry M. Flagler is the fairy godmother, the perennial Santa Claus, the indulgent father of every man and every enterprise.

On the narrow strip of land between Lake Worth and the ocean and facing the lake, Mr. Flagler built the Royal Poinciana Hotel. It has been enlarged more than once until now it is the largest tourist hotel in the world. A little more than half a mile from the ocean, facing the ocean, Mr. Flagler built The Breakers, another immense hotel. On the lake, a little south of the Royal Poinciana he built his own palace, Whitehall. Up and down the beach for several miles are scattered the villas of other millionaires who come here to live in the winter and enjoy the gayety afforded by the society of the merely transient wealthy ones who stay at the Royal Poinciana and The Breakers.

The season begins about the time of the Christmas holidays, and continues through the month of March. For nine months of the year all this magnificent and splendid is deserted, but the three months shine with added glory because the reign is so brief. Hundreds of caretakers are present all the year round, of course. It requires an expenditure of \$250,000 each year to open the hotels of the Florida East coast. The cost of the buildings, the expense of cleaning up the grounds, rearranging the furniture, and bringing the servants from the North.

At the two Palm Beach hotels there is a servant on the payroll for every guest. When there are 1,200 guests at the Royal Poinciana and 800 at The Breakers, a total of 2,000, the servants' roll will show 2,200 names. This includes the outside servants as well as those who are employed in the hotels, the wheel chair men, the bathing attendants, the golf caddies, and so on.

There are other hotels, several of them across the lake at West Palm Beach, and some on the same sacred strip of land with all the millionaires. They are much cheaper, but they are not what one would call "dirt cheap." One of these, situated close to the Royal Poinciana, naively advertises itself as "next to the biggest tourist hotel in the world."

Of things to do the "rich" find a great variety at this resort. There is fishing, not so good as at Tampa or Miami, perhaps, but also not so strenuous, which may be a recommendation. There is yachting, boat-boating and sailing. There is a stretch of nearly 100 miles of unsurpassed automobile roads up and down the coast, and new roads are being pushed into the interior, penetrating to Lake Okechobee and Everglades.

There is the Jungle Trail, down which men and maids may stroll or be carried in wheel chairs. It is three miles of tropical jungle beauty with all the tropical jungle wilderness carefully cut out and handled by that same magic of money. At the very doors of the hotels are the golf grounds, well kept and well "sporty." And not very far away may be found a palace wherein the fickle goddess of fortune holds court and permits those who have gold to woo and, sometimes, to win.

In the afternoon one may have tea on the lawn, with a good hand to furnish an accompaniment for the conversation so that drinking tea may not become too much of an effort for even the most fatigued of millionaires. If one doesn't care for tea there are other things. If one is a woman and has money there is no paradise without a shopping district, and Palm Beach is an up-to-date paradise. So there are shops, rich ones, and jewelers and milliners and modistes are ever ready, during the season, to cater to the whims of the woman who wishes to buy something new. There are rows of shops on either side of the main corridor in the Royal Poinciana, and there is a little row of wooden stores outside. The little stores are of exactly the kind that are pushed into the background of a country village when the bricklayer first comes to town. But for all that, they rent for \$2,500 for the season of three months.

The landscape gardener has conspired with the Southern sun and the warm Gulf Stream to make Palm Beach a thing of beauty and a joy forever to the eye. A recent popular novel has thrown a glamour over the professional services of a landscape engineer at Palm Beach, which has caused great interest among persons to whom Palm Beach is forever and ever a financial impossibility for more than a few days at a time.

brig Providencia, laden with coconuts, was lost off this coast. The nuts floated ashore and, finding a congenial soil and climate, settled themselves and grew. Along this same walk are set five rusty old pieces of cannon, the souvenirs of the wreck of a Spanish frigate many and many a year ago.

The landscape gardener has brought tropical fruits and flowers from every part of the globe to enrich this money-made Eden. There is the traveler palm which is the sole hope and succor of the thirsty Arab in the deserts of the East. One may pierce its stem and it will yield sweet water. There is the feathery pine of Australia and the gnarled and twisted pine of Japan, the date palm from Syria, and the sapodilla tree from the West Indies. Flowers bloom in wild profusion, and one asks the names only to be bewildered by the strange replies.

But most beautiful of all, if one will stay until the early spring, is the royal

poineana, which gives its name to the great hotel which has made Palm Beach famous all over the world. For the most of the year its dark green leaves, which look like gigantic ferns, spread out in umbrella fashion to shade its bare branches, for the leaves grow only at the tips of the twigs. When winter comes these leaves slowly drop away and leaves an ugly, scraggy tree that is most unsightly in its surroundings of tropical greens. But not for long. The spring comes, and as in the North it tempts forth the saucy crocus and the modest violet, here it quickens the sap in the poineana tree and turns it to fire.

Yes, to fire. For the tree bursts into a very flame with its riot of red and bloom. It is the red of the crest of the furnace, the red of the sea-coal fire, the red of the pine-knot ember. "Flame tree," the simple folk call it. "royal poineana," say the educated, and an ordinary mortal knows what the botanists call it. But it is burning beauty, and here one may feast his eyes until he must turn away, turn to the cool spray from the white fountains, but he is at it as it may, it is a paradise—a flashing tropical gem set in the dull background of a waste place.

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To-morrow—Raising Midwinter Tomatoes.

## SAYINGS OF MRS. SOLOMON.

(Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife.)

TRANSLATED BY HELEN ROWLAND.

Verily, verily, my daughter, there is a time for all things: A time to flirt and a time to regret it. A time to love and a time to get over it. A time to marry and a time to divorce. A time to coddle a man and a time to put thy foot upon his neck. A time to be happy with a husband—but more time to be happy without him.

For she that marryeth for companionship and weddeth for excitement is as one that goeth to a pink tea for dissipation. Yea, her days shall be of an appalling sameness, even as the green hats on Broadway or the love-making of two men.

And it shall come to pass that she shall buy herself a bulldog, that she may have something to talk to. Yet mock her not, for a bulldog looketh interested when she addresseth him; verily he appeareth to hear when she speaketh and seemeth conscious that she is in the room. Yet unto a husband her foolish chatter is as the buzzing of the gas jet, and even a lumber shall not turn on the flow of his conversation after many months.

Moreover, a bulldog accepteth his meals without question nor groweth thereof. He cometh and goeth at regular times, and at night thou knowest just where he is. Yea, unto thy dog his home is something more than a rest cure and a meal ticket, and thou art not merely a part of the dining-room furniture.

Therefore, feed him on pate de fois gras and cream and cover his paws with perfume; adorn him with all-silk ribbons and give him his favorite pillow. For he knoweth not blonds from brunettes, and to him thou art the only woman. Verily, verily he is a luxury—but a husband is a necessity. Selah!

## News from Abroad.

Ribbons are playing a foremost part in the construction of the new evening gowns.

Many of the designs recall the old polonaise of 1890.

Cord belts are the latest wrinkle in girlish dress, and are fastened in front with a huge colored stone of barbaric design. The belt is fully a yard and a half long, the ends hanging down in front.

Paris is smiling at present upon metal, gold and silver.

A new color combination is mint green and that shade which used to be known as terra cotta. The effect is excellent.

Sleeves are never worn on ball gowns nowadays, except for the merest apology.

A few exclusive evening gowns have appeared in a fascinating tone of chestnut brown. They are trimmed sparingly in bronze sequins.

Long trains will be worn, sometimes cut quite square across the end, and sometimes divided up the center for a little distance, in a manner suggestive of a mermaid's tail.

Charming theater hoods, which look well with every kind of costume, are made of ermine, with a pale silk lining.

## FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

Some time ago I received a letter from a woman whom I had never seen, and I say right here that I regard it as a misfortune that distance makes it probable that I never shall meet her. Happy, contented families are all too rare, and the one to which my correspondent belongs seems to be among the happiest I know.

The letter is too long to quote in full, but the parts which are likely to be of good medicine for women who have forgotten how many blessings have been showered upon them. Listen to this: "I do all my own work, and have a dear friend living with me. She has taught in the public schools for over twenty years. We have a lovely time. I'm always busy, working at household duties, reading and studying, or, sometimes tramping afield for seven or eight miles. We are not rich. All we try to think of one another, of everybody, in fact, is a kindly way, and our minds are full of things that mean dollars. Best of all, we are healthy."

There was a page of enthusiasm on flowers and plants. "It looks quite woody in my small house. I always have leaves, grasses, wild flowers, and bits of the woods about me," she writes. "In better days there were tall vases of American Beauties and in spring so many jonquils." Can you not build a story from that confession? I can. A sensible, wholesome woman takes a firm grasp on her life, after meeting with money losses and resolves that the misfortune shall not cloud her future. Her love for flowers shall not be starved, because she can not afford expensive varieties, for nature holds out a wealth of treasures to be gathered at will.

Our own troubles often blind us to the fact that sorrow is no respecter of persons and that no life is all sunshine. When we cannot have what we want we refuse substitutes sometimes, and live out our days in miserable fashion. It takes a great deal to make the average woman happy and half-way contented. Our wants are many and our dollars too few to supply them, so we are a restless lot. I do not know many women who return to their own homes with a pleasant little feeling of satisfaction after a visit to friends. Their eyes are generally sharpened to shortcomings.

I heard a man reply in this fashion to an acquaintance who wondered that he did not keep an automobile: "I have two sons with large cars, and I have a third riding I care for. Why should I should the burden of expense that goes with an auto?" A young woman who heard the conversation, remarked in an aside, that it was not the same thing—that there was something in owning your own machine, and using it at pleasure. Possibly not, but one has to pay for special privileges, and the cost should always be considered in advance.

## One Way of Earning.

"My earnings amount to over \$25 a week and I have named my trade visit-hooskeeper to business women," said a young widow who has the support and education of four small children to look out for. "It was a question of putting my children in an institution or finding some way by which I could earn a living at home."

There are several business women who live in the same apartment house with me. None of them feels that she is able to keep a regular servant and the cleaning woman that came to them weekly never did what they wanted.

"They were always envying me my neat rooms. One day the thought struck me and I offered to do their weekly cleaning and mending. My charges are \$2 a week for cleaning and 50 cents for mending. To the cleaning woman who always accompanies me I pay \$1 a day besides giving her three meals."

"This woman comes at 8 a. m. and after eating her breakfast helps me to get the children off to school. Then we set my own little flat to rights. After this is properly accomplished we begin the work of the day, making the flats of my patrons shine like new."

"While my woman scrubs, cleans, and airs and makes the beds I mend and prepare the clothes, house linen, and personal apparel for the ladies. I see that the flats are kept fresh and clean, that the china and glass are washed and polished. I clean the silver and knives and do the mending and one little thing necessary to make the flat look homelike."

"On Monday we do the four flats which are in the same house with me. On other days we can only do two a day, because if I didn't have to be back home in the middle of the day I give my children their lunch and make sure that all was going well with them I might take several more flats. It is my children who are behind all this work, and my first thought must always be of them."

"As a business woman I can only say that there are hundreds of business women who would be glad to get some reliable woman to come into their flats once a week and do the work that I do for a reasonable sum. Of course I am not able to take more than \$2 or \$3, and to make a living by such work a woman has to get enough flats to occupy her time. It is like any other business; to do it well one must work hard."

Fortunately for me my cleaning woman, who is a middle-aged Swede, is by nature cleanly and has no inclination to sly her work. There are no extra expenses in the work, which is one great advantage. Every day there are brooms, brushes, soap and all other items necessary for the work. It is well, however, for a woman who wishes to undertake such a trade to have it understood with her patrons that in case something is needed she can buy it, charging it up in her weekly bill.

"Several times I have been asked if I didn't have difficulty in collecting my pay. I can't speak too positively when I answer, No."

"I have found that a woman who draws salary enough as a business woman to keep a flat is business to her finger tips. She pays as she goes, and promptly. Each week when I enter a flat I look in a designated place and there I find my \$2."

"A woman undertaking such work must see to it that her assistant is trustworthy. Two women going alone into a home as we have to do have unlimited opportunity to appropriate the belongings of the owner."

"When I was beginning women refused to consider my proposition because they said that while they trusted me they didn't feel that I could guarantee a cleaner. Although I now trust my cleaning woman and would leave her in my own home without the slightest hesitancy, I see that she has precious few opportunities of pilfering if she should be so inclined."

"Pie-plant Juice for Rust Stains." You can remove rust stains from a white dress completely by soaking the dress in pie-plant juice, secured by boiling the pie plant in a quantity of water," says Woman's Home Companion for January.

It makes the dress pink at first, but this comes out at the first washing, and the stains will be effectively removed.

## ODD DIVORCE CASES

Unhappiness in the Excessive Piety of Marital Mates.

A DEFENDANT WAS TOO JOOLY

His Merry Jests and Lightsome Jokes Were Not Appreciated by His Spouse—Another Husband's Unique Way of Providing His Wife with Real Pin Money.

Divorces may be obtained with greater or less ease, depending on the locality, nature of grievances, unanimity of opinion, practice of the court, and other circumstances and conditions, says the Indianapolis Star. The grounds for separation are based on reasons and excuses, of which the latter are perhaps the more common. After an excuse has been mentally housed for a sufficient period it becomes a reason, or, failing in that, it generates a reason on the other side. Since the result is the same, the variation is not material.

In two cases recently dragged into publicity, strange as it may seem, the allegations were that the offending spouse was too religious. It had hitherto been supposed there could not be too much of that commodity to cement the family structure, but in two cases at least, if complainants are to be believed, the devotional atmosphere became too heavy.

In the two cited Tessie Brennan and John Haney are alleged to have devoted too much attention to spiritual things, which greatly grieved their matrimonial opposites. Tessie lives in St. Louis and her husband, who is a far from known, they have brought into close proximity merely because of their happening to be in the same boat, as it were. There is this difference, however, that Tessie is complaining because her husband made fun of her devotion, while in the case of John Haney the wife is complaining because she is waiting the court's decree.

Snatched Her Prayer Book.

Tessie—or Mrs. Brennan as she should perhaps be called—alleges the most surprising conduct on the part of Clifton, her husband. It seems they had been married only six months when he began to become annoying. He would laugh at her when he found her reading the Bible and would tell her it was no better than a novel. At other times he would accuse her of being hypocritical and would mock her. She stood this until one morning he snatched a prayer book from her hand just as she was dressed ready for church, and that capped the climax. She left him.

There is little to laugh at in the home desecration of the Brennans and Clifton shows as no hero, according to the evidence. In the case of the Haney broil there is a hint that the wife cannot be overlooked. Mrs. Haney asked for a divorce because she could not stand John's everlasting praying, she said.

"I was the victim of two match-making families," she told the court. "But it took me only five weeks to get enough sense to get a divorce because she could not stand John's everlasting praying, she said."

It appears that John Haney wore a long face about the house whenever he was in the company of his wife. He seemed to be in a bad mood, and he was rather frequently taken to task. When Mrs. Haney looked out the window and remarked that the sky was blue, John in a lugubrious tone, would reply that all things were weary and that life was short. If the devoted wife happened to mention millinery and the prevailing shades, John was almost certain to moralize on the sinfulness of human ornament. On one point, however, he was consistent; he gave a third of his income to the church. That must be true, because Mrs. Haney says so herself.

"He did just that much to the church," she remarked, tearfully, "but I had to suffer deprivation because of it. Besides, he prayed every night for the soul of his wicked wife, and I am just as good as he is!"

The little odds and ends of the proceedings are settled up. Mrs. Haney will leave for Sioux City, Iowa, where she and Gus Westfall, an old friend, will be married.

Got Real Pin Money.

There was indignation in the voice of Mrs. Caroline Jones when she testified in a Boston court how her husband, John, had treated her.

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Sayings of a Cynic.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin. He isn't much of a baker who eats all the bread he kneads.

And it sometimes happens that a man is married to his boss.

Many a man with wheels thinks he is the whole political machine.

The more money a man has the more he is abused—and the less he cares.

It takes a wise man to write a letter to a woman that doesn't mean anything.

When a woman writes a letter she puts in all the useless words she can think of.

## Fashions and Fads.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

Rep cloth, something like poplin, is an excellent material for the business skirt waist. It is extremely soft, but wears well and washes easily. No starch is required, and very little ironing. It may be bought for 18 cents a yard.

If the woman with the limited purse, who must restrict herself to one nice gown, can wear gray, she will do well to choose it this season. It is suitable for almost any occasion, is in the mode, and can be combined with almost any color.

Most popular for the winter is a sheer white mousseline, very much like cloth.

The simulated buttonhole is used as trimming on a variety of gowns.

Castor is a shade much asked for at present. Nearly all the dyes of castor are fashionable.

A simple but easy way to make the hair wave in big ripples is to dampen it and tie it down with bands of baby ribbon.

An individual touch to the plain skirt waist is the patch pocket, with an embroidered monogram on the flap.

Wealthy and luxurious people are wearing hand-embroidered opera cloaks.

## For the Small Boy.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin. For the trying time between Russian suits and the "really, truly" coat suit the small boy looks best in the little regulation sailor suits. All children at that age love the anchors and the stripes, and the profusion of pockets, and the boy's whistle that usually goes with them, and there are also advantages in this little costume to the mother.

The sailor suit can be worn on any occasion, for dancing school, to play in, is comfortable, if made big enough, and the white plique and linen collars and shields which brighten the dark serge can be removed for laundering. The suits are prettiest made of a light straw or light blue, and a white jacket tie of white or bright red silk.

A pretty outside coat for the kindergarten lad is made of golden brown broadcloth or other suitable cloth, with collar and cuffs of black astrakhan. The coat should be double breasted, closed with black frogs, and with a black patent leather belt. The hat is of black astrakhan and the brown cloth, made hussar shape, with a white brush on the left side.

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Health in Cranberries.

The cranberry is the least understood and must about of any of our domestic fruits. Comparatively few know its possibilities. Quite as few know how to prepare them in palatable form. The expression is common: "You need a barrel of sugar for a barrel of cranberries." This is not true. They are not sugar consumers compared with most fruits.

If it were made the test, they will discover that more sauce with less sugar is made from cranberries than from any other kind of berry, and if properly made will be tempting and toothsome. A barrel of sugar will sweeten more than three barrels of cranberries.

When raw, they are a laxative and liver tonic, and, like the olive, one can cultivate a fondness for them.

Properly cooked cranberry sauce makes all meats palatable. The chemical analysis of cranberries shows they contain mild acid combinations which are by nature converted into alkaline carbonates in the blood and help to purify it and have a tendency to ward off bilious and rheumatic tendencies. They also aid digestion, and are a natural, healthful food, as well as a delicious relish.

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## Care of the Hands.

The majority of people do not know that the condition of the hands and nails is indicative of the general condition of the health. Poor blood and an ill-nourished body will just so surely result in a hand scraggy of outline and lacking the color of perfect health. Defective circulation is often responsible for rough and red hands, and those who are too fond of the good things of life should not complain if their hands are what the English call "podgy" and lacking in grace. The fact that a severe illness will cause the muscles of the hand to become flabby and the nails brittle and dull is rather conclusive proof that the general tone of the system is shown in the condition of the hands.

Now for the remedy. In the first place keep the hands clean. At night insure the removal of all soil that may have settled in the outer portion of the pores. To do this successfully the hands must have a good lathering in very warm water and be treated with the nail brush. Dry most thoroughly and then manipulate each joint, pressing gently around each finger tip to encourage a tapering, and firmly massage all of the muscles and flesh, says the Boston Herald.

Follow this with a series of vigorous gymnastics as follows:

1. Stretch out the arm with the palm upward, firmly clenching the hand, then relax.

2. Bend each finger toward the palm in turn and repeat ten times. Exercise the thumb in the same way.

3. Turn or bend the wrist, so that the back of the hand lies uppermost and repeat ten times.

A few weeks of daily exercise of this sort will result in an improved condition of both fat and thin hands. If glycerin agrees with the skin there is no better solution that can be used to keep the hands soft and supple than a mixture of three parts of glycerin and two parts of water. When glycerin does not agree with the skin, then lanolin, cocoa butter or a good grade of cold cream may be used.

Young people especially should be convinced of the advisability of active exercise for the hand in the shape of household work, which is true and attested to by many physicians. With proper care for the hands and nails as attractive as the hands of a professional will be the hands of a homemaker.

Now, that so many girls are in business, more attention is paid to the care of the hands and nails. There are a dozen manures now to one ten years ago, and yet with little care and practice the average woman with a good knife or file, buffer, orange stick, pumice stone, cold cream, rouge and castile soap can keep the hands and nails as attractive as if they had the care of a professional in large families it is well to have supplied one complete outfit for the general use of all the members of the household. In this case, each article needed can be of the very best grade.

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